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LIFE AND LIGHT FOR WOMAN.



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VOL. XVII.

MAY, 1887.

No. 5.

MEXICO.

WEEK OF PRAYER IN CHIHUAHUA.

BY MRS. GERTRUDE C. EATON.

A HOLY WEEK it has become to every true-minded Christian ; but only those who have experienced it can know the strength that is imparted to the worker in foreign lands, from the thought that in this first week of the year, the little band with which she is connected is united with Christians all over the known world in praying for a blessing from on high.

It sometimes seems a little unfortunate that the year should make its entrance in the very heart of winter, and so the ordinary obstacles to such a series of meetings be greatly intensified. But, on the other hand, it may be questioned if such a trying by the elements may not be the means of developing more stalwart Christians. To us, at least, here in Mexico, it has been very gratifying to see the constancy with which the native brethren have persisted in coming through all the week, in spite of cold (which fairly benumbs these children of the sunny South, unprepared with clothing or home comforts to resist it), sickness, old age, and infirmity. One lame man, using a crutch in place of a leg, has walked fully a mile each way every night, after a hard day's work on a farm. He is not yet a church-member, but manifests a deep interest in the way, and desires to conform his life to the teachings of our great

Example. A delicate young woman, who might be excused for thinking herself unable to rise from her bed, has attended every meeting. When I almost chided her for exposing herself to the night air, she answered with a beautiful smile, "The Lord will give me strength." And her faith has been justified. Two old women, bent with age, have come from long distances, though walking painfully, desirous not to lose one of the precious meetings. The meetings have been held in union with the South Methodist Mission, the missionaries preaching on alternate evenings. The subjects chosen have been some of those at issue between the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches, and they have been fairly and kindly discussed, in the spirit of truthful seeking, and not of party controversy. All the proof-texts have been taken from the Roman Catholic Bible; and this announcement, made each evening, has aroused the interest of passers-by.

We believe that a blessing has been received, the extent of which can only be known in the weeks and months yet to come; but some results are even now plainly visible. First, a deeper spirit of union between the two denominations. A prayer-meeting of the missionaries was held just before the last public meeting of the series; and as each voice was heard successively in earnest pleading before the throne, we felt that we were indeed workers in a common cause, that only God could help. And, secondly, increased Christian activities. One of the direct outcomes of these meetings is a gathering for boys and young men, held every Sunday evening before the regular service, under the leadership of Rev. A. C. Wright. These youth, about twelve in number, manifested a real interest by their constant attendance during the entire week, although but two of them are Christians, and we confidently hope to see them surrender themselves to the service of the Lord before many days have passed.

The women, too, not content to sustain their regular meetings alone, are girding themselves for extra Bible-readings in the houses of those who will receive them, but who do not yet feel willing to come to the *Templo Protestante*.

Still another result is the opening of a branch chapel in the north part of town, which, from its proximity to the *Puente de Iturbide*, we call the Bridge Chapel. Here, on Sunday afternoons, the Christians who are not engaged in evangelistic work in other parts of the city, meet together to sing, and pray, and listen to a sermon, in the hope of making some impression on the inhabitants of that part of town. The chapel is admirably situated for such work, being on a direct thoroughfare from the Plaza to the railroad station, and having three large doors opening on the street. Friends

from the United States have contributed toward furnishing the room, which is bright and attractive.

There are at least two other meetings on Sunday afternoon sustained by our church-members, and from one of these are now coming from six to ten adults to our central chapel services.

Is not this a right and noble use to make of the Week of Prayer, although not the one intended by its originators? Such a waiting upon the Giver of strength during its first week, will give an impulse that will fill the new year to its very close with earnest, loving service for the Master.

WEST CENTRAL AFRICA.

LETTER FROM MRS. WM. E. FAY.

KAMONDONGO, BIHÉ, Sept. 14, 1886.

I KNOW you will rejoice when you learn that we have at last reached our destination in safety. Surely the hand of the Lord has led us. He has guided us safely across the great ocean, and over many rough and dangerous paths where we could not see our way forward, but he has cleared away difficulties, and has given us even more than we had hoped.

Do you realize how long we have been traveling? Just five months and six days. To us it seems much longer.

Our first work, after the carriers had been paid, was to prepare our huts for the rainy season, which is nigh at hand. We have to raise the ground under them a foot or more, and upon this we put matting of straw, which makes it very comfortable, less damp and less uneven. And now that my husband has made us a table, and we can spread a cloth for our dishes (not our tinware), and we no longer need to stoop to the ground to get our food from the pot or kettle in which it has been cooked, we consider we have made a great stride in housekeeping; and oh! how pleasant it is! As soon as our tents were arranged we put up a stove, for a camp-fire is not convenient, besides being something of a back-breaker. Mrs. Sanders and I take the greatest comfort in our kitchen. I think it must be one of the largest native huts ever built in this region, and it took only two days to raise it. It is twenty feet in diameter. The stove we both use, and that is in the center, and we each have half of the room. Our kitchen-ware hangs up on either side of the stove, and our cupboards are artistically draped with bright chintz curtains, to keep out the dust, of which there is a great plenty until the rains come. As I write, the clouds are gathering, and Mr. Sanders and Mr. Fay are out gathering grass enough for our beds before it

gets wet. Beside our kitchen two large huts have been built in which to store our goods. The last hut was finished to-day, and how kind of our Heavenly Father to delay the rains so that none of our goods will be destroyed, and we are all safely sheltered. But this is just as it has been ever since we left home. Now we are rejoicing that the rain is here, for soon our gardens can be started, and perhaps while you are surrounded by snow and ice, we shall have warm weather and fresh vegetables.

To-day Mr. Sanders has made his "how-do-you-do" call on the King, who, much to our joy, has given us permission to have our mail-carriers go back and forth without being molested, and also to have Mendombi and Comendongi come to Bihé; and for this we are very thankful, because the boys not only help us with washing, ironing, etc., but we know the influence on them is good, and through them we may hope to reach others. We expect to do our first, and perhaps our greatest, work through the children.

I want to tell you of our journey from Bailundu, which I enjoyed more than any of our camping-out experiences; perhaps because there was a larger party, and perhaps because we were nearing our destination. On the morning of August 28th we found we could have one hundred and thirty carriers, of whom some were women and children, who could carry small loads; and with this prospect the day was a busy one, and at 2.30 P. M. we started, Mr. Swan and Mr. Scott with us. We reached our camping-place at five o'clock, when, to our dismay, we found that the carriers with our food-boxes had camped two miles back. However, Mr. Scott treated us to some of their dessicated soup, and we were not obliged to "sleep with hunger,"—a native expression.

August 29th we were ready to start at 6.30, and reached our camping-ground at Chicumwa about noon. Passing through the villages, we were followed by a troop of children and pigs, which run about here as dogs do at home; and sometimes the women would walk for a mile or more beside my *tepoia*, with their babies tied to their backs. This day we saw a total eclipse of the sun. The natives did not notice the darkness much, and did not seem surprised by it. On leaving this place we had a long march, and Mr. Scott gave out and took my *tepoia* when we were within two miles of camp. The paths here are so narrow that only one can walk, and Mr. Fay walked by my side, giving me the path, at which the natives were much surprised, and asked "why he didn't take the path, and let *her* walk outside." Here we put up our tents and made ourselves comfortable, as we knew we might have to remain some days, for most of our carriers lived here. So Mrs. Sanders and I took out our sewing, while the men attended to building a

fence around our camp, as the natives intruded more than was agreeable to us, or safe for our goods. September 1st to 5th we waited, then started off, reaching Okanjimbi next morning.

September 7th Okatonga was reached, and then we crossed the Bulurulu, a grassy plain fourteen miles across. We had dreaded this march, as the winds and the heat make the air very uncomfortable; but it was not so bad as we feared. Then our guns were ready for the deer, but they gave us no chance for a shot, and we were cheated out of our venison that we had hoped for.

As we neared this village, the natives wondered whether Mrs. Sanders and I were men or women, but decided we were men, as we rode; and after being told we were women they could not believe it, but insisted "if they women, they walk, let men ride." September 9th was our last day on the road, and we reached Kamondongo about 9 P. M., and were thankful indeed that we could put up our tents for the last time and make our home. Our location is very pleasant—on a hillside, with pleasant scenery.

September 19.—We are beginning to feel quite at home, and have added to our happy family two hens, one of which lays an egg every day, showing, we think, a most excellent spirit, which we wish the other would follow. Our experience in buying a pig is rather laughable. We have had our eye upon one worth only twenty-eight yards, but the owner insisted on fifty yards for it; but finding Mr. Sanders very cool about it, he says he may have it for thirty-two yards, so perhaps we shall yet have an indispensable pig. When Mr. Sanders called upon the king, he sent us a quarter of pig, and I think never was pork so appreciated; for besides making our beans, which we often have to eat three times a day, more savory, it gives us a bit to roast, and another bit to fry, and this must serve us in place of nice, juicy beef-steak, of which you so unfeelingly write.

October 19.—Surely this has been a day of surprises to us all. This morning, about six o'clock, while preparing our breakfast, my husband called out, "Did you know our mail had come." I assure you I was surprised and delighted, and was ready to shower our whole breakfast on the brave man who had brought it. Our opportunities for sending letters are rare now, but you must not worry over us; we are safe in God's keeping, and no harm can come to us. (See Zech. ii. 5; also Psalm cxxv. 2.) We usually go to bed with the birds, but to-night we are writing by the light of Mrs. Sander's lamp,—our oil has not come from Benguella,—and we feel as cozy as possible; we wish you could come right in and see how cozy. We think we can dispose of as many as can come. We have prayer-meetings Sabbath and Wednesday even-

ings in Mr. Sander's tent, and I find them very profitable, and more sociable than many I have attended in much larger places than a nine-foot square tent. We are drawn closer together in person, as well as in spirit. I don't wonder ministers so often ask their people to come up nearer the pulpit or desk in our social meetings for prayer.

When Mr. Swan and Mr. Scott have gone, there will be only "we four" and Charlie. I must tell you who Charlie is—a native of the Barotse valley, whom Mr. Arnot brought here to be cared for. His father is an Englishman, who would not support him; his mother a native, who wholly neglected him. Mr. Arnot took him in pity as he passed through the valley. When they reached the coast, his little feet were so sore and lame he proposed to leave him to recover; and now he has become much attached to the Sanders, and does not want to leave them. He is a very lovable child, and though of a delicate constitution has improved very much. Mrs. Sanders hopes he will one day become an evangelist. To this end I am teaching him to play on our organ, as he can sing very sweetly now, and by and by he may be able to sing the gospel when he could not preach it. The king has given us permission to send for our Bailundu boys, Mendombi and Kamonzonda, and we are hoping they will learn to be praying boys, and that through them others may be reached, girls as well as boys. As soon as possible Mrs. Sanders intends to begin a school, when I shall be her pupil until the language becomes more familiar to me.

Our temporary home is nearing completion, and we think it will be ready for use in November. We shall be glad to occupy it, though we are very comfortable in our present quarters. Our rains have really begun, and Mr. Fay has planted some seeds, of which we have great hopes. . . . I think our homes will be delightful when we are all settled. Our location is very pleasant, and the soil very rich, owing to the fact that there was once a native village here. The brook is quite near, so that it will be easy to get water. At present we pay the men for bringing a keg, one good sized needle or a common button.

As I write, two men appear with very nice oranges, a part being a present to us. My husband said, "I knew they would come." "How did you know it?" I asked. "Because you needed them," he answered. So you see we are provided for. . . . Our life is very pleasant, and far from lonely. We have too much to do to be homesick or lonely; at the same time our hearts are filled with thoughts of you all at home, and your letters are most acceptable. I am hungry for every one.

SCRAPS FOR OUR WORK-BASKET.

ONE grand encouragement to effort in foreign missions, is the statement that the idolatry of the world has diminished more during the last fifty years than in the thousand years preceding them.

No church ought to consider itself thoroughly aggressive and evangelical that does not spend for missions at large, at least one dollar for every five it expends on itself.—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

It has been said that a great many Christian people “save their pennies for the Lord and the organ-grinders.” We believe most heartily in the power of littles, and by no means despise the pennies when they are consecrated to God, and represent the ability of the giver; but what is to be said of those that are carefully and persistently selected for the Lord’s treasury by well-dressed, well-to-do men and women?

A CHEAP EXCUSE.—There are those who say, “We have heathen enough at home; let us convert them before we go to China.” That plea we all know, and I think it sounds more cheap and shameful every year. What can be more shameful than to make the imperfection of our Christianity at home an excuse for not doing our work abroad? It pleads for exemption and indulgence on the ground of its own neglect and sin. Even those who make such a plea feel, I think, how unheroic it is.—*The Missionary Outlook.*

I AM more and more struck with the duties and responsibilities thrown upon “Somebody Else.” If she assumes them all, she must be very much overworked. Is she more executive, more willing? Has she more leisure, more intelligence, more influence than others? She must be very obliging to undertake what others by good rights should have done themselves. She must be very conscientious to take up duties refused or neglected by those who are afraid of exertion and self-denial. She must be very generous to stand in the lot and place of all the shirkers, or pitiful to minister when no one else will. O the good, gifted, generous Somebody Else, who can do so much better than we can when God and opportunity are calling for our services! But suppose Somebody Else cannot be found; what then?—*The Missionary Outlook.*

A DEVOUT Arab woman was asked in her last illness how she endured such suffering, and replied, “They who look upon God’s face do not feel his hand.”

WE call the Chinese heathen, and yet they have some customs that would do credit to a Christian people. On every New Year’s

morning each man and boy, from the emperor to the lowest peasant, pays a visit to his mother. He carries her a present, varying in value according to his station in life, thanks her for all she has done for him, and asks a continuance of her favor for another year. They are taught to believe that mothers have an influence for good over their sons all their lives. We are inclined to think that some of these offerings to parents would not be so thoroughly appreciated in this country as in China. It is said that a dutiful son will stint himself for years in order to present his parents with a really handsome coffin on their sixty-first birthday!

"We have nothing but dead silence at the idol's shrine," said some Hindu women. "Oh that we could find comfort for our souls; there is no rest in our religion!" said another. "Tell us again those beautiful words of rest"; and, again, "You say your homes are happy; ours are not. Come and show us how to sanctify our homes."

"How can we learn the gospel when you only come to us once a year?" said a villager in India. "Come oftener, and we, too, will believe."

"Don't make a long stay," said an African chief to an evangelist. "If you go home this time, come back soon, and stay with us. Tell your people we pant after the true religion. Don't keep that good thing you have got away from us."

"We welcome you," said another chief; "you bring rain, and peace, and sleep, and plenty. Our land is a land of blood. Our hearts are yellow with jealousy and wickedness. The nation is tired, and pants after rest. Come and make us better. Stay and teach us."

At a meeting in Japan, where a number of Christian girls were gathered together, the subject was, "How to glorify Christ by our lives." One of the girls said:—

"It seem to me like this. One spring my mother got some flower-seeds, little ugly, black things, and planted them; they grew up and blossomed beautifully. One day a neighbor coming in and seeing these flowers said: 'O how beautiful! I must have some too! Won't you please give me some seeds?' Now, if this neighbor had only just seen the flower-seeds she wouldn't have called for them; 'twas only when she saw how beautiful was the blossom, that she wanted the seed.

"And so with Christianity; when we speak to our friends of the truths of the Bible, they seemed to them hard and uninteresting, and they say, 'We don't care to hear about these things; they are not as interesting as our own stories.' But when they see these

same truths blossoming out in our lives into kindly words and good acts, then they say, 'How beautiful these lives! What makes them different from other lives?' When they hear that 'tis the Jesus-teaching, then they say, 'We must have it too!'

"And thus, by our lives, more than by our tongues, we can preach Christ to our unbelieving friends."

Young People's Department.

WHAT ONE OTHER GIRL DID.

BY MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP.

GLADYS RAYMOND,—whose life was a round of receptions, Brown-ing Clubs, Germans, French lessons, and readings with the girls; clearly it was a heroic thing Mrs. Tom Bryce proposed to herself to do, to intrude on this young person's time and thought.

Nevertheless, if she read her Bible at all, it told her to do these very things—the heroic ones of life; so without stopping to think whether or no she liked it, she projected herself one morning between Tom and his newspaper, when the first cup of coffee had been enjoyed, and the rattling of the paper showed that he was fairly in the midst of the General News. ("I never pull him off till the Editorial and the Foreign and Domestic are done," she declared once to a friend: "I wouldn't if the house were burning; but when that blessed column of General News is reached, why, then I've *my* opportunity.")

So now she said brightly, "Hem—Tom dear."

"Yes, Felicia. What an idiot that man Caseby is to suppose that anybody has time to read his maunderings. His little fling at the Brockville street commissioner is pure trash; and the fellow actually believes he's witty."

"I think so too," cried Felicia, radiantly. "It's a waste of time to try to find any point to his stale jokes, isn't it?"

"It is, indeed," cried Mr. Bryce, delighted at his wife's cleverness in agreeing with him, and unguardedly stopping for that last delicious swallow where the coffee and sugar commingle. "Now I——"

"Tom," cried the little woman, hastily, "do you know what I'm going to do?"

"Haven't the least idea in the world," said Mr. Bryce. "How should I; you haven't told me."

"Well, I'll tell you now," said Felicia. "I'm going to have Gladys Raymond the leader of our new Young Ladies' Missionary Society."

"Felicia dear," observed the man of the house, calmly, "I've always declared that for executive ability my wife hasn't her equal, while everyone knows how you manage me."

"Tom."

"But you can't expect me to keep faith in you if you try to achieve impossibilities. Be warned in time, Felicia."

"Now, Tom," cried Mrs. Bryce, "don't say another word dear; Gladys is just the one we want for that leader. She'll bring in ever so many other girls, too."

"The idea of supposing that you can break through the fascinations of a girl's first winter in society." Mr. Bryce took up the subject now that he saw he was expected to talk, and went briskly on. "A girl who has such a send-off into the whirl of life; father and mother who stand ready, as we business men say, to back her up handsomely, and a crowd of people waiting to do her homage—it's preposterous!"

"We need her," said Felicia, calmly; and as if her husband had proposed Miss Raymond for that identical mission circle, she added, "Yes, she must be the leader."

Tom speechlessly clutched his paper, that had slipped to the floor, and retreated to the column of "Generals" again.

Gladys was expecting the flowers for the Goldthwaits' party, and hearing a quick ring of the bell, called over the staircase, "Bring them up, Hannah; I'll open the box."

Little Mrs. Bryce put the maid aside, and ran lightly over the stairs. "O Gladys, how lovely!" She held her hands up in honest admiration, then began to pat and pull, in the way women do, at various parts of the costume. "Madame Lafarge did it, of course? Well, it's a triumph."

"You like it?" queried Gladys. "I'm so glad. Mamma has worried so over it, that now that it is home, and I am fairly in it, she says she can't tell how it does look."

"It's perfectly beautiful, and just suits you; I wouldn't have a thread altered," cried Mrs. Tom, as far gone as any girl, over the mass of tulle and ribbons.

"It's lovely in you to say so," cried Gladys, with a happy flush, "Thank you for coming, dear Mrs. Bryce."

"Gladys," said Mrs. Tom, desperately, and possessing herself of the young hand, "I must speak. It was given to me to tell you. Into the beauty of your life let a beautiful thought for others come." She put a sudden kiss on the blooming cheek, dropped

the hand, and went down the stairs as if convicted of burglary or some other nefarious business.

Mr. Bryce came home, to find her in a state of reaction bordering on despair, and nursing her tremor over the library fire.

"Well, what did Gladys Raymond say about accepting the position of missionary circle leader?" was his opening salutation.

"I asked her nothing," said Mrs. Bryce, without looking around. "I lost my head, and only preached."

Mr. Bryce turned off and gave a low whistle.

"And now I'm afraid my opportunity is gone, for she will so dislike my preaching that she won't hear me again. I've only injured the cause, Tom."

"Wife," exclaimed Mr. Bryce, "can't you forget your blunder, and leave it all with the One who can raise up a leader for your mission circle at the right time?"

"Yes, Tom," she said humbly, through her tears.

Gladys, a little circle of brighter red on the cheek where the kiss had dropped, adjusted her flowers, that now made their appearance, took possession of her mother, and drove to the Goldthwaits. To her, so recently admitted to enchanted fields, it was paradise indeed. To old *habitués*, it was like the Hanison's affair of last week, and the Descomber's of the week before, and a hundred other rival occasions. But paradise began presently to sound a warning note never before heard by Gladys in its witching strains. It came suddenly, as it had first come, and it fell clear and sweet into the depths of her girl-heart: "*Into the beauty of your life let a beautiful thought for others come.*"

She was startled, and stopped short in a brilliant bit of badinage.

"What's the matter; have you lost the thread, Miss Raymond?"

"Yes — no," she answered with a laugh; "lost one thread, and perhaps gained another." Then she changed the subject, and tried to forget Mrs. Tom Bryce and her words.

But it was no use. She could not dance them out of her mind; the gay melody caught and held the echo of the words, "*Into the beauty of your life let a beautiful thought for others come.*"

When she went home they went with her — unbidden guests.

It was getting to be quite an accustomed thing for Gladys' morning plate to be untouched until the rest of the family had gone their ways for the day; so no one noticed when she crept down, pale and haggard, about eleven o'clock.

"I believe Mrs. Tom Bryce is fresh as a rose this morning, mamma," she said irrelevantly.

"I don't see your connections, I must say, Gladys," observed

Mrs. Raymond. Her head was full of the delightful things people had poured into it last night about her daughter's beauty, and how easy it would be to get her advantageously settled in life, and all that.

"Oh, I haven't any," said the girl, carelessly. Then her color flamed up. Was it possible that her mother might help her to lay this unquiet thought to rest? "Mamma, I suppose there must be something a little better to live for than a round of parties?"

"I trust you are not going to be queer, Gladys," exclaimed Mrs. Raymond, uneasily, "and want to have an object in life. Whatever you do, I beg that you won't get pronounced ideas on any subject. Nothing ages a girl so much as to have an object."

"Never fear for me, mamma," said Gladys, her color dying down; and taking up her listless tone again, "I've longed since childhood for this life I'm in now. One always is silly and irresponsible after an affair like last night; so don't remember my words."

Mrs. Tom Bryce, after making her all the trouble, sedulously avoided her on all occasions when there was the least probability that they would meet, even going down the other aisle of a Sunday, when before, there had always been the cordial nod and a whispered word or two.

Gladys missed her, and even wished she would speak of the new thought; it would be a pleasure to combat something, and a positive relief to her annoyance to be obliged to assume the defensive. But she was left to fight it out alone.

"Gladys is getting frightfully dull, and, besides, she's actually cross," said one of the girls, toward spring.

"It's been a hard winter, Helen; I'm nearly exhausted," said a tall, pale girl; one of those creatures with an ethereal countenance and a willowy figure, yet who accomplish a fashionable season with tireless vigor.

"You exhausted, Louise! You could dance now, I verily believe, after last night's performance."

"I confess myself guilty of a wish that some one would ask me," observed Louise, with a careless yawn.

"I would give anything to see you once tired," declared Helen, under her breath.

"Never mind; what has come over Gladys?" cried another girl; "that's the question. She's really falling off in looks. What a pity, before the season's over!"

Gladys, at this moment face to face with her own heart, confronts the truth. "I am drifting into an aimless, selfish round of pleasures. I am not even happy in it. I will go to dear Pastor Goode."

The minister who, by Providence and his own choice, was set apart to dispense spiritual food to the flock worshipping in the new, stately edifice on Bent Avenue, was, in the hour of Gladys' call, deep in the evolution of a sermon worked out to please the critical ears on whom the carefully phrased truth should fall. He was what one would call an old man for an active pastor, being well on in the sixties; but his heart was young, and his manner fresh and inspiring, and he carried the weight of a man widely known for intellectual breadth and vigor of thought. Yet he had to work to keep up to the requirements of the pew-holders who had built him this new temple, and to hold together the critical audiences gathered from many sources that gave him the honor of a hearing on a Sunday; and many days were spent wholly in his study, in exhaustive preparation for the demands of the approaching Sabbath.

He laid down his pen in a weary way when Gladys was announced. It is true her father owned and occupied one of the finest pews of the church, and the daughter received her baptismal name from his, Pastor Goode's, own lips. He remembered it as if it were but yesterday. He had watched her grow up from a child; and now that she had put on radiant young womanhood, none rejoiced more than he, nor held that certain pride that one does who establishes early relations with the young members of a household.

Nevertheless, his best friend at this time would not call out a cordial welcome, and he placed a chair for Gladys, vaguely wondering at her visit, and trying to recall the lost thread in his belated sermon.

"I came," said Gladys, dropping her bright eyes to a little threadbare spot in the carpet, by the desk, where the pastor had stamped out his arguments and emphasized his periods, "to tell you what has come into my life and to ask you to help me."

Pastor Goode dropped his pen on the desk, careless that it rolled off to the floor to rest a bit, and bent his gaze on the young face. Here was a clear call for immediate help; without preamble, or the useless setting of words, it commanded instant and respectful attention.

"My dear child, what is it?" He folded his hands and waited patiently before her.

"It's something that has been said to me," began Gladys, in an impulsive rush of words, and without lifting her eyes, "and it has taken the comfort of my life away, for I cannot forget it."

"Do you want to?" asked the minister, quietly.

"No." It came without the girl knowing what she was going to say, and she lifted her gaze to her pastor's face, surprised at her secret impelling.

"Gladys," said Pastor Goode, gently, "would you put yourself back where you were before you heard these words?"

"Of dear Mrs. Bryce's?" cried the girl, with luminous eyes, and leaning forward eagerly to discover the help she dimly discerned on its way. "No, oh no, Dr. Goode!"

"Then first, let us thank God for the awakening." And just where he stood, with folded hands, the pastor in gratitude opened his heart to the Lord; then carried the whole trouble, which he did not yet understand, to the great Burden-bearer, to be made clear in a divine unfolding.

As he prayed, it suddenly seemed to Gladys, with head bowed on her two young hands, as if the whole confused life of the past weeks fell away from her, to adjust itself to sweet harmonies. She saw in a flash the might-be of beauty, of joy, of girlish indulgence; the divine sanction seemed to descend on her soul, and bid it arise and "receive it; this is given to you to enjoy. It is meet that a young life should gather to itself all the sweetness and beauty that surround it, for so the Father willed it; only with it, accept the Father's greater gift, the privilege of serving others."

Then came a deeper peace. Out of the depths the old troubled cry was answered, and in more satisfying measure than she had longed for, had come the answer, "My peace I give unto you — the peace of forgiveness; the peace of promised strength, guidance, and support. Henceforth you shall work with Me."

She scarcely knew when the pastor's prayer ceased; and he had to say, "Well, Gladys," before he gained her attention to the kind words, "I do not believe, dear child, that you need human answer. One thing more might help you: I would go to Mrs. Tom Bryce and ask, 'What is it you want me to do?'"

Mr. Bryce having had a hard day at the office, was at last safely in slippers and dressing-gown, and behind his evening paper. Mrs. Tom, having folded Tom, Jr., into his well-earned rest, was now just beginning to think of joining her husband below stairs in the library. No one heard the bell, and a bright young face peered around the portière that the head of the household fondly supposed sufficient security from intrusion.

"It's only I — Gladys Raymond. Don't let me disturb you."

"Oh, walk in, walk in!" exclaimed Mr. Bryce, springing to his feet. "Glad to see you," he mumbled, quieting his conscience with the excuse that he was startled into the fib.

"Is Mrs. Bryce in?" asked Gladys, not dropping the portière edge.

"Yes, up-stairs with the infant. Had a howl, you know — that is, a little extra one, as I was home to enjoy it. But it's all quiet now. I'll call her."

"Pray do not." The portière fell back into place, and Gladys, speeding over the stairs, returned Mrs. Bryce's visit.

Mrs. Tom received her silently, but with a hand-pressure that was eloquence itself. Gladys, superior to all preface, and rising above explanations, asked, "What is it you want me to do?"

And Mrs. Tom replied, just as if asking her to run over to dinner any time when she felt inclined, "Be the leader of our new mission circle."

The portière in the Bryce Library was once more pushed aside, and two soft hands were laid over the tired eyes that had ceased to read. "The Lord has dear Gladys in his holy keeping," whispered the little wife softly. "Oh, you don't know how her life has blossomed out suddenly into a royal flower; and she takes it all so quietly and practically. She's been planning it with me—the work, you know, of —"

"Your Young Ladies' Mission Circle?" whispered Tom, as softly.

"Yes, dear;" and she really believes the other girls will every one join. And, Tom, what do you think she wants to do—she, the gay, brilliant Gladys? Why, she proposes to start the Circle at Mary Sage's, and have all the meetings there. Just think, at lame Mary Sage's little home!"

"Now, that's what I call true philanthropy," cried Tom, approvingly. "This won't be a charity where it's a parade-ground for officers only; you mark my words."

"And she has made a pledge with herself to give gladly a right proportion of her money and work, time and strength, to the service of God. Understand, dear boy, I don't mean Gladys goes to the other extreme, and puts off the beauty of the life into which she was born; but she has settled it once for all that she will render to God the return she ought, for all the gifts with which he has blessed her."

"A good beginning," nodded Tom.

"And she's going at once to ask in all the girls; mind, all, no matter what church or set they belong to, that she knows; and if that makes the Circle too large, why, she has a practical little idea all ready about dividing it into branches, these all uniting for a monthly meeting in the church. And she believes in every member of the Circle becoming an active member, ready to report for service, to the parent Society. 'I hope our first rule will be, she said, in that bright way of hers, 'that no member is to be permitted to hand in an excuse, when you older ladies call upon us for any service that can help forward the missionary cause.' Oh, she is going to be an invaluable worker," added Mrs. Tom, with fervor, "and just the one for the leader of that mission circle," she

finished, with as much enthusiasm as if making a fresh statement.

"There's no doubt that every one of you women will be on your mettle now," observed Mr. Bryce, placidly, "or that new Circle will get hold of the heathen first; and also it's just as certain that those other girls will be on its working force, as she said. There's no stopping her, now that she is started."

Which opinion the "other girls" were obliged to say was a true one.

"Louise," said Helen, with slow force one day, "there is a vocation holding flattering prospects to the rest of us, that your vitalized powers might be satisfied therein. It's Gladys Raymond's Mission Circle, dear."

"I am prepared to say," Louise gave back, "if you wish to join Gladys' Mission Circle, as I presume you do, since you take such a warm interest in it, I also am ready." She showed no sign of observing Helen's comical look of dismay, but looked her over nonchalantly.

"I suppose we might as well go into it," said Helen, at last, indifferently, and working her way out of her surprise, "for Gladys will talk us into it sooner or later."

"And since we do take the step," Louise had the last word, "let us do it handsomely, come, Helen, and try our skill at talking the other girls in."

Our Work at Home.

"FOR SUCH A TIME AS THIS."

BY MISS E. HARRIET STANWOOD.

Read at the Annual Meeting of the Board in New Haven.

SHALL we review the settled past, or anticipate a possible, a desirable, an attainable future?

Before we have time to choose, or to decide to do both, a wise poet of three centuries ago answers, "What's past and what's to come is strewed with husks."

But would there be any husks if there were no grain? Surely there is only its own husk for every ear, and each ear has its own uncounted seed-kernels. Even the husk was once a beautiful covering for the tender life which it sheltered. We will give to the husk its due; and when it is dry and useless we will burn it, and plant the ripened kernels for another harvest of corn and husks.

We hail these anniversary days, and rejoice in the added experience, wisdom, and success which comes with the added years. We listen, almost breathless, to the story of work done in distant lands, and we rejoice with thanksgiving; and this is well. We compare mission-work to-day with mission-work three quarters of a century ago, and exclaim, "What a blessed age is this in which we live! This is progress!" and we have, in truth, inherited a privilege of work; and increasing it many fold while in our keeping, we may pass it on to those who shall come after us. Our own eyes have seen the light spreading, and our ears have heard the shout of a conquering host. Many battles have been won; all glory to the leaders, and an honest share to every one who has faithfully served anywhere in the ranks! The strongholds of heathenism have been attacked, and there are signs of weakening. Lands in bondage to ignorance, superstition, and error have begun to ask of what their fetters are made. The apathy of hopeless dissatisfaction has given way to unrest, and the longing for something better than has yet been realized, has entered many a soul. We cannot measure the results of effort already made, but that which we can see fills us with amazement.

Elevation of social condition is one of the first fruits of Christian labor amid the degradation of heathenism. Wherever the Christian standard is planted, individuals and families rise to a better life in every-day affairs. The desire for a more comfortable home, leads to cleanliness and a degree of order, instead of filth and confusion. A low, miserable hut, with a single hole in its side serving as door, window, and chimney, is superseded by a home with modest, civilized comforts; distinction of apartment becomes a desirable arrangement for the men and women of the household; daily meals become an occasion for family gathering; personal disfigurement is abandoned, and decent dress is assumed in place of the scanty fig-leaf or grotesque ornament. The husband learns to regard his wife as something more than his chattel, removing from her shoulders the unnatural burdens which she has hitherto been expected to bear, and sharing with her her natural burdens. Sons learn to reverence their mothers, and she is no longer sad because her baby is a girl. Daughters and sisters are not scorned and blamed because they dared to come at all, but are acknowledged as the possessors of minds and souls, the equals of their brothers. In short, the marriage rite and relation begins to be regarded as sacred, and the family becomes a Christian organization.

Education goes hand in hand with Christianity. The child may have to be urged to come to the mission-school, but it soon wakes

up to the interest shown in it, and is happy in learning many things which a child always wants to know. The mission-schools for children have already saved thousands of little ones from a dark, unhappy life, have opened mind and heart to grow and want to grow, making of this world a revelation bright and beautiful, and pointing the way to a brighter world to come.

Girls are trained in high-schools, seminaries, and even colleges: trained in the knowledge which the institutions of our own country give, and with the same mental discipline, if in a less degree; trained to carry back the leaven to the homes from which they came; trained to be housekeepers and home-makers, as wives and mothers; trained to be teachers in retired villages among the almost inaccessible mountains or in unattractive plains; to establish schools where none have existed; to rally weak forces, and strengthen the beginnings of desire for better things; trained to be assistants in the same schools which have educated them; trained to the care of Sunday-schools, and Bible-classes, and prayer-meetings; to go about among their people, visiting from house to house with the Bible in their hands, carrying light into dark corners, and hope and peace to disturbed souls; above all and through all, trained to be Christian women, ready to do the work which opens to them, and which they may plan for themselves; to make life for themselves and for others worth the living, a bud whose fruit eternity shall gather.

Such power is mighty in any land. Even now from Japan comes the earnest entreaty that many young women from our schools will go and teach the girls of that land, that as the women are educated the whole people may be elevated; and the call comes from the fathers and brothers. If we heed it, that last of all lands to open her doors, that land so eager for our civilization, may be the first among the old nations to give up her false religions, and stand as a Christian people.

The healing art, too, has its mission, especially when dispensed by woman's hand. It gives her access to homes whose doors have been fast barred against a Christian teacher, and which never would have opened to the touch of a man's hand, although he be skilled to detect and remove the causes of physical ills. She who goes to soothe and heal, is welcomed by her darker-skinned sister; and if she be gentle and sympathetic while she is wise, she wins confidence, and carries balm to the soul as well as to the body. Her opportunity is hers alone, and we rejoice that we have now in India, China, and Japan, women trained in this art who have carried with it to the women of those lands an earnest, longing purpose to lead those whom they help to the Great Healer.

We hear, too, of temperance societies, of blue-ribbon armies, of pledges to abstain from beer and opium; of superstitions relinquished in the giving up of old feasts and fasts, and of Christian institutions established in their stead; of Christian marriages, and household baptism, and the Lord's supper; of Sunday-schools, and growing churches, and rising edifices which women are helping to build and furnish; of missionary societies, and Christian endeavor societies,— and the list is not complete.

Perhaps the greatest achievement of this century in the work we glorify to-day, is the victory over so many unknown tongues. Some which existed only for the ear have been reduced to writing; primers and other elementary books have been prepared, and a literature fairly begun among an utterly illiterate people. Literatures already existing have been purified and elevated, by adding to them translations of the Bible, printed entire or in parts, hymns, and Christian books. The Bible is now printed in nearly three hundred languages, and is circulated cautiously or freely, as the circumstances of the people permit. We have heard of "the fiery and struggling genius of Tertullian, who in the name of Christ conquered the Latin tongue, and made it speak the words of faith." To-day these same Scriptures are read and pondered in Chinese and Japanese; in Arabic, Armenian, and Turkish; in Marathi and Tamil; in Zulu, Umbundu, and in the tongues of the South Sea Islands. Tertullian, who struggled over the Latin, the "venerable Bede," who quietly and patiently labored with the English, and the missionary men and women of the nineteenth century who have toiled industriously, with weary brain, over the languages of the people whom they have wished to save, may one day sing together a grand hallelujah chorus.

What hath God wrought by his servants! Is the work accomplished? It is only begun. All this is but preparation — gathering out the stones, making a way, a little path which may one day be a highway. All these are *heralds*, preclaiming a King who is to come.

Shall we turn our eyes only backward, and toward that which is near, with no glimpse down the years to come? Count this which has been done, for what it is worth, but mistake not the beginning for the end. Living, just now, is an opportunity fraught with responsibility. Have we little to do while 136,000,000 of Mohammedans are still devoted to the memory of the False Prophet and the Koran? while it is so strange a thing for one Hindu woman to be allowed to come to this country to study, and for another to have been so well educated under the auspices of her own family, that she can

hold an audience in America, and converse intelligently in cultivated homes? while China is so slow in her march to enlightenment? while the Dark Continent is still so dark, and the islands of the sea wait?

Our King cometh, and if we would put gems in his crown, we must gather them; not those "the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear," but such as we may find in our own land, and may search for in other lands. The most beautiful pearl I ever saw was in one of the Centennial exhibits. It was large, perfect in shape, of exquisite tint, and so rare that, although no mate had been found for it, it was estimated at a fabulous price. Asking where it came from, I was told that it was found in a fresh-water mussel in Vermont. Before our very doors, in the streams that flow through our pastures, the choicest treasures may be hid. It is one of the hill-towns of Connecticut that has the honor of having given birth and early training to that "American Queen," Mrs. Z. P. Grant Banister, who was a pioneer in the education of girls in this country, and who sent many whom she had taught to the newly opened territory in our own West, and to the far-away, dark lands of heathenism. She was a royal woman, for she was the King's daughter. There are many King's daughters in the homes here represented. Are they true to the royal heritage? Will they bear the King's messages?

Art *thou* come to the kingdom for such a time as this?

DEPARTURE.—Miss Annie McMahon sailed from New York, March 26th, *en route* for Mapumulo, South Africa, where she is to assist Mrs. Holbrook, largely in work among the children of that station.

LEAFLETS.

THE following pamphlets and leaflets, issued by our own and other Boards, may be obtained by sending to Miss A. R. Harts-horn, No. 1 Congregational House, Boston:—

An Organization in Every Church02
Aunt Mehitable's Account of the Annual Meeting10
A Grain of Mustard Seed10
Another Message to the Coral Workers05
A Mute Appeal. 30 cts. per 10001
Attie's Story02
As I Have Loved You (Poetry)02
Apologies for Neglect of Duty03
A Heathen Woman's Story (Poetry)02
A Talk on Mite-Boxes02
At Home and Abroad03
Addition of Fractions (Poetry)02
A Partnership02

American Heroes on Mission Fields:—

Clara Gray Schaufler (Austria)	.05
Henry Sergeant West (Armenia)	.05
David Tappan Stoddard (Persia)	.05
Asahel Grant, M. D. (Persia)	.05
William Goodell, D.D. (Turkey)	.05
Titus Coan (Hawaiian Islands)	.05
Harrison G. O. Dwight, D.D. (Turkey)	.05
S. Wells Williams, LL.D. (China)	.05
Julia Rappleye (Turkey)	.05
By the Wayside	.10
Brother Ox	.02
Bringing up the Ranks to the Standard	.02
Constitution for Mission Bands	.02
Consecration and Culture	.02
China (By Miss Ada Haven)	.05
Daughters of the Orient and Occident	.05
Dora Turner's Letters	.02
Extracts from the Journal of Mrs. Jones	.02
Eleven Good Reasons for Not Going to the Missionary Meeting	.02
Experiences in Real Life	.03
Forward	.02
For Christ's Sake	.02
For His Sake	.02
For Love's Sake	.02
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How to Manage a Missionary Society	.02
Historical Sketch of the W. B. M.	.04
How to Kill a Missionary Meeting	.01
Helps for Leaders of Juvenile Mission Bands	.05
Individual Responsibility	.02
Junior Forces	.02
Jesus' Lambs	.02
Life Membership: What Does it Mean?	.02
Literature of Missions	.05
Lessons the Heathen may Teach Us	.03
Little Talks to Little Missionaries	.10
Mrs. Pickett's Mite-Box	.01
Mrs. Harry Harper's Awakening, and The Harrisville Young Ladies' Band	.15
Mrs. Purdy's Parquises	.02
Mrs. Tyler's Experience	.02
Mothers and Homes in Africa	.02
My Missionary Box and I	.10
Our Mission Band	.02
Out of the Depths	.02
Our Hour of Prayer	.01
O. P. J.	.02
Po Heng and His Idols	.02
Pennies a Week and a Prayer. 6 for 1 ct.; per 100	.15
Preparation for the Master's Work	.01
Pitchers and Lamps	.02
Responsibility of Christian Women Respecting Culture	.02
Story of the Morning Star	.10
So Much To Do At Home (Prose)	.02
So Much To Do At Home (Poetry)	.02
Special Appropriations	.02
Story of the Bees	.01
She Hath Done what She Thought She Couldn't	.02
The Society at Springtown	.02
The Congo Free State	.02
The Work of God in Micronesia	.10
That Missionary Meeting	.02
The Mother at Home. 2 for 5 cts.	.03
Thanksgiving Ann	.02
The Famine Cry (Poetry)	.02
The Beginning of It	.03
The Legend of the Maizeen	.04
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WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from Feb'y 18 to March 18, 1887.

MISS EMMA CARRUTH, TREASURER.

MAINE.

Castine.—Desert Palm Soc'y, \$20 00	
Portland.—A Friend, 40	
Maine Branch.—Mrs. W. S. Dana, Treas. Machias, Cheerful Workers, \$50, Phillips, Aux., \$2.50; Rockland, Golden Sands, \$5,	57 50
Total,	\$77 90

LEGACY.

Legacy of Sarah J. Chapman, Second Ch. Bethel, Maine Branch,	\$30 00
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NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Rochester.—Mrs. E. O. Plumer, \$15 00	
New Hampshire Branch.—Miss A. E. McIntire, Treas. Amherst, Aux., \$15, Carrier Doves, \$5; Exeter, Aux., \$44; Jaffrey, Lilies of the Field, \$6; Haverhill, Aux., \$17, Harvesters, \$18.89; Nashua, Aux., const. L. M., Miss Frances Andrews, \$25; Plainfield, Ladies, const. L. M. Miss Mary D. Frost, \$25; Plymouth, Mrs. Anna M. Tenney, \$5, Mrs. A. S. French, \$1,	161 89
Total,	\$176 89

VERMONT.

Vermont Branch.—Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Fairlie, Aux., \$19.60; Greensboro, Aux., \$8; Lunenburg, Aux., \$10; Orange, Aux., \$6; Quechee, Aux., \$20; Springfield, Aux., \$36; St. Johnsbury, North Ch., of wh. \$5 by Mrs. S. T. Crossman, \$25, South Ch., Little Helpers, \$7; Sudbury, Miss J. A. Hawkins, \$1; Vergennes, Miss M. J. Strong, \$1, Miss Caroline Sutton, \$10; Wallingford, Aux., \$61; Weston, Aux., \$11; Williston, Aux., \$10,	\$225 60
Total,	\$225 60

MASSACHUSETTS.

Andover and Woburn Branch.—Miss E. F. Wilder, Treas. Bedford, Aux., of wh. \$5 by Mrs. Edw. Smith, in mem. of little Amy, const. L. M. Mrs. Elizabeth Copeland, \$25; Winchester, Seek and Save Circle, of wh. \$100 by Mrs. M. A. Herrick, const. L. M's Mrs. Mary Ada Herrick, Miss Josephine Keyes, Miss Helen A. Pressey, Mrs. H. A. Wilder, \$400; Reading, Susan Bancroft, \$8; Lexington, Aux., of wh. \$25 by A. Friend, const. L. M. Mrs. J. F. Hutchinson, \$45; Wilmington, Snow-Birds, \$8.50, \$486 50	
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<i>Ayer.</i> —Children,	\$ 40	<i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Miss H. T. Buckingham, Treas. Springfield, First Ch., Aux.,	\$10 50
<i>Barnstable Co. Branch.</i> —Miss A. Snow, Treas. South Wellfleet, Aux.,	10 00	<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Miss M. B. Child, Treas. Boston, Mrs. Baldwin, \$5, B. M., \$75, Union Ch., Aux., \$167, Mt. Vernon Ch., Y. L. Baud, \$123, Central Ch., S. S., \$56.04, Old South Ch., Aux., of wh. \$20 by Mrs. Betts, \$411, Shawmut Branch, M. C., of wh. \$200 const. L. M.'s Mrs. Rev. Wm. Elliot Griffis, D.D., Miss Jennie A. Hobbs, \$225, Berkeley St. Ch., Aux., \$14.75; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux., \$47.15, Olive Br., \$2.50, Ferguson Circle, \$1.75; Mayflowers, \$4, Eliot Star, \$6, Highland Ch., Aux., Mrs. A. E. Dunning, \$10, Walnut Ave. Ch., Aux., Mrs. Wm. H. Wellington, const. L. M. Miss Anna F. Wellington, \$25; Dorchester, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., of wh. \$100 const. L. M. Mrs. Mary F. Blood, \$155, Second Ch. S. S. Cl., 68 cts.; Chelsea, First Ch., Aux., \$59.74; East Somerville, Mrs. W. E. Merriman, \$25; Watertown, Phillips, M. B., \$50; Arlington, Mrs. L. A. Randall, \$1; Jamaica Plain, Y. L. M. S., \$25; Boylston Station, Messenger Birds, \$10; Brookline, Mrs. Edw. Stanwood, \$5; Brighton, Aux., of wh. \$25 const. L. M. Mrs. Celia A. Prentiss, \$75; Cheerful Workers, \$20; West Newton, Mrs. O. F. Hall, \$2; Auburndale, Aux., \$41; Wellesley Hills, Aux., \$6.75; Dedham, A Friend, 69 cts., Asylum Dime Soc'y, \$1.50; Everett, Ladies' Miss'y Soc'y, \$5; Wrentham, Ladies' M. C., \$40,	1,696 55
<i>Berkshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. S. N. Russell, Treas. Hinsdale, Aux.,	13 68	<i>Worcester.</i> —Mr. David Whitcomb, in mem. of his daughter, Ellen M. Whitcomb,	500 00
ERRATUM: The receipts in the Feb. number should have been, Dalton, Y. L. Soc'y, \$57, Great Barrington, Aux., \$99, instead of as reported.		<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. C. A. Lincoln, Treas. Blackstone, Aux., \$11; Clinton, Aux., of wh. \$25 by Mrs. J. M. Dakin, const. L. M. Mrs. Sarah I. Russell, \$30; Fitchburg, Aux., \$23.41, Earnest Workers, \$8; Oxford, Woman's Miss'y Soc'y, of wh. \$25 by Mrs. A. L. Joslin, const. L. M. Mrs. Helen E. Joslin, \$40; Ware, Thank-off., \$20; Warren, Aux., \$13; Lend-a-Hand, Workers, \$25; Westminster, Cheerful Givers, \$5; Worcester, Central Ch., Primary Dept. S. S., \$2; Piedmont Ch., Mission Builders, \$20, Aux., \$54,	251 41
<i>Essex South Branch.</i> —Miss S. W. Clark, Treas. Lyme, Chestnut Street Ch., Aux., \$15, Central Ch., Aux., of wh. \$25 const. L. M. Mrs. Adeline J. Goldthwaite, \$35,	50 00	Total,	\$4,345 87
<i>Hampshire Co. Branch.</i> —Miss I. G. Clarke, Treas. South Hadley, Jun. Aux., \$20; Faithful Workers, \$16,	36 00		
<i>Holliston.</i> —Children,	1 20		
<i>Middlesex Branch.</i> —Mrs. M. W. Warren, Treas. Saxonville, June Blossoms,	50 00		
<i>Middlesex Union Conf. Asso.</i> —Mrs. E. D. Sawin, Treas. Harvard, M. C.,	2 60		
<i>Millbury.</i> —A Friend,	1 00		
<i>Norfolk.</i> —Mrs. Levi Mann,	4 40		
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Mrs. F. Shaw, Treas. North Weymouth, Pilgrim Ch., Aux., \$21.50, Busy Bees, \$75, First Ch., Aux., \$30, Wide-Awake Workers, \$30; South Weymouth, Marden Circle, \$10, Union Ch., Aux., \$100; Randolph, Aux., of wh. \$25 by Miss Abby W. Turner, const. L. M. Miss Eliza C. Downing, \$62; Weymouth and Braintree, Aux., \$3.50; Brockton, Aux., \$100, First Ch., Coral Workers, of wh. \$100 const. L. M. Miss Susie C. Beals, \$110, Y. L. M. C., of wh. \$50 const. L. M.'s Miss Lizzie A. Kingman, Miss Florence Drake, \$170; Mission Sunbeams, \$30; Marshfield, Aux., \$25; Easton, Aux., \$18; Plymouth, Aux., \$86.63; Duxbury, Aux., \$10, Hanover, Aux., \$2; Rockland, Aux., \$67; Braintree, Aux., \$10; Happy Workers, \$30; Holbrook, Aux., of wh. \$25 by A Friend, const. L. M. Mrs. S. A. Vining, \$55; Kingston, Aux., \$25; Quincy, Mr. Hardwick's S. S. Cl., \$40; Cohasset, Aux., \$15; East Mansfield, Aux., \$11,	1,126 63		
<i>Old Colony Branch.</i> —Miss F. J. Runnels, Treas. New Bedford, Wide-Awake Workers, of wh. \$100 const. L. M. Miss Anna Bagdasarian, Harpoot, Turkey, \$105,	105 00		

LEGACIES.

Legacy of Elizabeth B. Mansfield, Salem,	\$1,000 00
Legacy of Mrs. Eliza W. Jenks, Hopkinton (add'l),	1 63

RHODE ISLAND.

<i>Providence.</i> —A Friend,	\$20 00
Total,	\$20 00

CONNECTICUT.

<i>Eastern Conn. Branch.</i> —Miss M. I. Lockwood, Treas. Pomfret, Aux., \$24; Norwich Town, Mrs. L. A. Jewett, \$10; Danielsonville, Aux., \$12; Chaplin, Aux., \$31; Norwich, Second Ch., S. S. Miss'y Asso., \$1.80, Park Ch., Aux., const. L. M.'s Miss Fanny D. Young, Miss Laura Subert, \$50; Taftville, Aux., \$3.80; Colchester, Aux., \$81; Stonington, First Ch., Agreement Hill Soc'y, \$10; Old Lyme, Aux., \$23; Jewett City, Aux., const. L. M. Miss E. J. Bishop, \$25; New London, First Ch., Aux., of wh. \$25 const. L. M. Mrs. H. M. Parsons, \$57.51, Birthday money, 15 cts.,	\$329 26
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<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Miss A. Morris, Treas. Berlin, Aux., \$2; Enfield, Aux., \$87.50; Hartford, Asylum Hill M. B. \$25; Suffield, Y. L. Circle, \$5; Unionville, Aux., const. L. M. Mrs. Nathaniel Hayden, \$25,	144 50
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<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss J. Twining, Treas. Bethel, Aux., \$63 38; Bridgeport, South Ch., M. C., \$15; Bridgewater, Y. L. M. C., \$10; Danbury, Second Ch., \$4.80; Darien, Aux., \$33; East Haddam, Phoenix Band, \$2; Guilford, First Ch., Aux., \$50; Litchfield, Aux., \$34.74; Meriden, First Ch., Cheerful Givers, \$40; Boys' M. B., \$25; Middletown, First Ch., Aux., \$30; Millington, Aux., \$5; New Haven, United Ch., Aux., \$165; Torch-Bearers, \$10; Norwalk, Sunbeam Circle, \$6; Woodbury, First Ch., Aux., of wh. \$25 by Mr. F. F. Hitchcock, const. L. M. Miss Lottie E. Hitchcock, \$40, Valley Gleaners, \$5; Madison, Jolly Girls, \$30,	568 92
<i>Norwalk.</i> —A Friend,	20
<i>Vestport.</i> —Friends.	4 00

Total, \$1,046 88

NEW YORK.

<i>Brooklyn.</i> —Tompkins Ave. S. S. Infant Dept.,	\$10 00
<i>Rochester.</i> —Mrs. A. E. Davison, <i>New York State Branch.</i> —Miss C. A. Holmes, Treas. Brooklyn, East Ch., Aux., \$40, Puritan Ch., M. C., \$16; Annex Soc'y, S. Cong. Ch., \$100; Flushing, Aux., \$25; Homer, Aux., of wh. \$25 by Mrs. Coleman Hitchcock, const. L. M. Coleman Hitchcock, \$30; Rochester, Plymouth Ch., Aux., \$5; Syracuse, Danforth, Ch., \$10; Plymouth Ch., Aux., \$275; Poughkeepsie, Aux., \$50,	551 00
Total,	\$563 40

NEW JERSEY.

<i>Princeton.</i> —Mrs. Frederic Vinton,	\$3 20
Total,	\$3 20

FLORIDA.

<i>Winter Park.</i> —Aux.,	\$10 00
Total,	\$10 00

OHIO.

<i>Windham.</i> —M. B.,	\$25 00
Total,	\$25 00

ILLINOIS.

<i>Abingdon.</i> —Busy Bees,	\$5 00
Total,	\$5 00

KENTUCKY.

A Friend,	\$4 55
Total,	\$4 55

WISCONSIN.

<i>Ripon.</i> —Elizabeth W. Towle, \$5, Herbert L. Towle, \$5,	\$10 00
Total,	\$10 00

DAKOTA.

<i>Sanborn.</i> —Mrs. J. W. Donaldson,	\$1 00
Total,	\$1 00

General Funds,	\$6,515 29
Leaflets,	42 42
Legacies,	1,031 63
Total,	\$7,589 34

MISS HARRIET W. MAY,
Ass't Treas.



TURKEY.

TIDINGS FROM MISS SHATTUCK.

MARASH, Jan. 15, 1887.

THE one week of vacation passed all too quickly for the many little accumulations of work that I hoped to do; among other things, writing of many letters. Miss Blakeley and I improved the opportunity for visiting Derè Keouy and Fundajak,—villages some twenty miles from Marash, in which we have schools taught by our girls. We went on Saturday, Christmas Day, taking as companion one of our native teachers in college, who enjoys preaching to villagers, and working among them spiritually. We had invited one of our girls in for the thank-offering meeting of the missionary society of the college, which was held the previous day. I think few could be found who were happier than ourselves on that Christmas Day—we had experienced such a glad surprise through the return of the purses* the girls gave out in April, at their annual meeting.

We could hardly believe our ears or restrain our tears when the treasurer reported, after counting the money, that there was more than 600 piasters! With the few purses returned later the sum exceeded 700 piasters. So we immediately forwarded Mrs. Leake \$27.63, which, with the \$13.86 sent in July, makes more than \$41; while our pledge for \$35 was made, certainly on my part, with much trembling for its fulfillment.†

Best of all is the growing interest in the work on the part of the women who have contributed. Nearly all of the purses contained smallest pieces of money throughout, and the monthly leaflets issued by the girls in form of hektograph copies, has helped inform them of the condition and needs of the heathen world.

*Little bags of white cotton used instead of mite-boxes.

†If our readers will take the trouble to turn to the January *Missionary Herald*, page 21, and read in connection with this Mr. Eaton's story of the use of mite-boxes in Chihuahua, Mexico, they will feel that we must go to converted heathen to learn how to make thank-offerings or use Mrs. Picket's mite-boxes.

What more is needed among true Christians than to know the need to awaken an interest in doing! Our women and girls together offered most touchingly earnest prayers of thanksgiving and petition on that day, and I am sure the Lord has blessed the humble efforts of all concerned. When the secretary announced the intention of continuing the leaflet to such as would pay the subscription fee of three pias. ($13\frac{1}{2}$ cts.), several signified their desire to take it; and since then, there have been more names given in, so they are decided in their plans for issuing it regularly each month. The girls are very willing to search our English magazines for items, and then translate them nicely, making the copies and doing all themselves. They conducted the meeting quite alone this time, and did very well indeed.

WEST CENTRAL AFRICA.

We copy from the *Congregationalist* of Brantford, Canada, the last letter from Mrs. Clara W. Currie to her mother. It has a pathetic interest as a word-picture of one of the few days that devoted young missionary spent in her African home.

BAILUNDU, Sept. 2, 1886.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I am going to begin a letter to you, as I want to tell about the eclipse, while it is fresh in my mind, although it was only a few days ago that I sent your last. On Sunday, the 29th of August, as of course you know, it all took place. I had entirely forgotten about it till Walter spoke of it that same morning. It was to begin about 2 P. M. We had our smoked glasses ready, and about that time I went out and found it had begun. We watched it till about 3.15, the Stovers and all the colored children with us. The children were very much interested in the matter, as the Stovers had told them several days before that it was going to happen. At that hour it became total for just about one minute. Unfortunately for me I had just gone into the house for wraps, it having become quite chilly with the gathering darkness, so I missed the important moment. It passed off in about the same time it had come on, though the light seemed to increase faster than the darkness had gathered. There was great excitement in the village when they knew that the Stovers had known it before; and of course they all said that the Stovers did it, and they would blame them if anything out of the way happened soon. The children were all told what the cause was, and they tried to persuade the older ones, but it was to no purpose.

Home Department.

STUDIES IN MISSIONARY HISTORY.

AFRICA.—No. 2.

West Central African Mission. A condensed sketch will be found in the *Missionary Herald*, April, 1886. It is also issued in tract form by A. B. C. F. M., No. 1 Somerset Street, Boston.

"*An African Superstition*," *Herald*, June, '86.

Letter: Mrs. Fay, *Life and Light*, January, '87.

Biography: W. W. Bagster, *Mission Studies*, May.

Recent Events: *Mission Studies*, May.

East Central African Mission.

Condensed Sketch, *Missionary Herald*, August, '86.

Biography: Rev. M. W. Pinkerton; Mrs. Currie. *Mission Studies*, May. *Letter* on page 186, *Life and Light*.

Converts: *Mission Studies*, May.

School: *Mission Studies*, May.

Recent Events: *Mission Studies*.

For those who have followed these two missions from the first, and are already familiar with them, we suggest a broader view of the missionary work in Africa. Any large, modern map of Africa will serve as a basis of study. A brief summary of the work will be found in *Mission Studies*.

In the *Missionary Herald*, July, 1884, is a map of Equatorial Africa, which will help in locating the "Missions on the Congo" and "Missions in the Interior." The "Notes from the Wide Field" in the *Herald* furnish facts for papers on these Missions.

Biography: Bishop Harrington, *Herald*, June, '86; or Robert and Mary Moffat, *Herald*, August, '86.

Let our readers should be misled in preparing their lessons on the West Central African Mission, we would state that Miss Davis' letter in the November number of *Life and Light* was really the story of the Umzumbe Home. Somebody, the copyist, or printer, or proof-reader, changed the word Umzumbe to Umtwalume; hence the mistake.

A MISSIONARY'S OUTFIT.

BY MRS. E. W. BLATCHFORD.

A party of Christian workers gathered in Plymouth Church, Chicago, March 15th, to exchange parting words with Dr. and Mrs. Scudder, and to bid them "God speed" for their journey to Japan. The ladies of Plymouth Church entertained their guests with a delightful lunch, and paid tribute to their pastor's wife by hymns, and by a most unique Bible-reading describing "the perfect woman." One of their number, in graceful words, gave her ideal of a

pastor's wife which had been fully realized; and a gift "small enough to be carried to Japan,"—a brooch like a sun, each ray tipped with a small pearl, while a large pearl formed the center,—was given to Mrs. Scudder, to be kept as a memento in the sunrise kingdom. Perhaps the thoughts that will longest remain with us were expressed by Mrs. Blatchford, Secretary of W. B. M. I., who, after expressions of love and regret at losing these dear friends, said:—

AND now, since the circumstances of the case forbid my offering you, in behalf of the Board, undue counsel and advice, permit me to present you, as a daughter might to beloved parents, a memorandum for your encouragement and helps. This memorandum has been prepared with some care after consulting an old volume, which we value highly, a guide to travelers, and embraces that which must be taken with you on the steamer, which will be of service to you on the voyage, and which upon your arrival in Japan can at once be used, without an acquaintance with the language. Let me read the list, after which I will give such explanation as may be requisite:—

Antiseptics.

Lights.

Temples, or models of temples.

Fruits, new to the Japanese.

First, Antiseptics. You go to a land permeated with the corruptions of centuries of idolatry, and evil of all kinds unchecked by Christian influences. A new life is appearing here and there in this seething mass, and for this a preserving element is needed. This you take with you, for in the old book I read the statement, the promise as well, "*Ye are the salt of the earth.*"

Lights, too, will be needed. The rocky coast is dangerous; the paths are confused; dark night still hangs over the land, although the dawn approaches. The ancient volume gives the cheering assurance, "*Ye are the light of the world.*"

Letters, too, must form a part of your outfit—letters commendatory, letters introductory, bearing the stamp of authority, and sealed by one who has a right to issue them. These letters, too, must be in a language which requires no interpreter, written upon the tables of the heart. The precious volume of reference assures you of these. "*Ye are living epistles, known and read of all men.*"

To a land which has for centuries gloried in its temple-worship, and which now, wearied with the fruitless, formal service, is seeking a simpler religion—to such a land it would seem ill-advised to offer temples. But this you will do—presenting the temple in which a spiritual worship can ever be maintained. "Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, which dwell-eth in you?"

The last item gleaned from the ancient book for this memorandum is "Fruits," and especially fruits new to the Japanese as a nation. Here and there they have tasted them, but they are not favorites at once; the taste for them must be cultivated. But, strange to say, when this relish is once acquired the beautiful fruits seem to grow of themselves. They grow from the seed, or by budding or grafting. I have made a list of nine of these, to which others might be added. They are:—

Love,	Long-suffering,
Joy,	Kindness,
Peace,	Goodness,
Faithfulness,	
Meekness,	
Temperance.	

As I open my Bagster Bible I read on the title page, "*Multæ ter-
ricolis linguæ, cœlestibus una*" (Dwellers on the earth have many languages, the Celestials but one). The charm of all these possessions I have enumerated is, that they need no translation; they are comprehensible to the whole family of man on earth or in heaven.

Another treasure you will not willingly leave behind you as you go to an Oriental race among whom pride of descent is conspicuous, and worship of ancestors is practiced—your *genealogical record*; that volume which affirms with every solemn sanction, "Beloved, now are ye the sons of God." Happy are you, too, in the fact that your title-deeds are registered in the same book where the affirmation is made that you are "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you."

A few of God's gifts to man in Paradise he leaves to us still. One of these you will display as you are reunited to your beloved children in Japan—a family united in the love and worship of God. Gray hairs and the ripe experience of age are revered there; and as you go to encourage and aid your children in their manifold efforts, what reverent attention will be aroused by the fact that the father has left his wide circle of friends, his honored place in the church, his native land with its Christian civilization, and at his own charges has come to join his children in making known the good news of a Saviour to those upon whom his blessed light has not yet dawned. May we not trust that when we send the call to you on your distant tower of observation, "Watchman, what of the night?" the glad answer may come ringing across ocean and continent, "The morning cometh."

Many people have desired photographs of Dr. and Mrs. Scudder, who, having given one decade to missions in India and another to preaching the Word in this country, are now going out, over sixty years of age, and at their own charges, to tell the old, old story in Japan. And we are permitted to say that the two cabinet photographs, excellent likenesses, can be obtained for fifty cents each, including postage, by applying to Mrs. J. F. Temple, 2943 Calumet Avenue, or to Mrs. C. S. Bartlett, 3161 Groveland Avenue, both of Chicago. All proceeds over the bare cost of the photographs will go to help the work of the W. B. M. I.

TO THE YOUNG LADIES' SOCIETIES.

INTERLACHEN, FLORIDA, March 14th.

DEAR JUNIORS: I am indebted to secretaries of many circles for pleasant letters giving information about their Societies. I cannot acknowledge these individually, and so want to say here, "I thank you," and assure you of the real aid such letters give. The pledges received have each been acknowledged by postal. I hope many more will be forwarded after the March meetings. In almost every instance the amount pledged is a little greater than last year. If other societies respond in the same way, this will, indeed, be a glad year for the juniors.

Affectionately yours,

MARY H. PORTER.

CHINA.

IN MEMORIAM.

HOW CHING SHENG, OF PANG CHUANG, NORTH CHINA.

THE last mail from China brought tidings of the death of the native helper longest in the service of the Shan Tung station. What the loss is to the stricken company of believers, and to the pastors, who miss the intense affection, the wise forethought, the impulsive ardor, and untiring zeal, of their most trusted assistant, cannot but fully be understood here. A little sketch of his life may awaken your sympathy in their bereavement, and enable you to rejoice with them in the witness borne to the power of the gospel of Christ among the heathen, by the work which he was permitted to accomplish. How Ching Sheng, known among the

missionaries as *Helper*, and by his Chinese friends as *Teacher*, was born in the little village of Pang Chuang, about fifty-six years ago. There he grew to manhood, a small farmer and petty merchant, content, like his neighbors, with his narrow life. He had only the training of an ordinary village-school, and did not pursue his studies far enough to become a classical scholar, or to think of passing the examinations by which a Chinaman is admitted to the rank of a literary man,—a possible candidate for official position. His eager, inquiring mind, however, made him an omnivorous reader, and he devoured historical and other tales with the greatest avidity. He early acquired the reputation of a “Doctrine Lover,” and he who had any “new thing” to tell, found him a ready listener. Buddhist and Taoist myths were familiar to him, and he was himself at the head of one of the many secret sects of the region. A tall, dark man, of commanding presence, with a fine large eye, which would have made a Western face noticeable, strong featured, his suavity of manner softening but not concealing his imperious air, he was a natural leader. At length, about seventeen years ago, when he was in his prime, he met a teacher of the “Jesus doctrines.” He had long sought a way for the expiation of sin, but never found one which satisfied him,—desired to know of the future; but his questionings were met by vague and indefinite replies,—longed, like St. Christopher, to enter the service of the strongest, and, like St. Christopher, he found him in the Child Jesus. Little did he realize when he confessed Christ, and was admitted to the company of believers, what heavy responsibilities were to come upon him. His ability as an organizer and business manager appeared conspicuously in his efforts during the famine relief work; of 1877-78 and when, as a result of that work, large numbers were brought into the church, his house was thrown open to those who came to labor among them. Not only the pastor, but Mrs. Smith, and ladies who were associated with her on such visits, found him their sincere, trustworthy counsellor and friend. When it was decided that a station for missionary residence should be established in that region, it was located in Pang Chuang, because that village was his home.

The first familiar face which we saw, as our boats drew up to the bank of the canal after the long journey in the oppressive heat of June, 1882, was that of our distinguished-looking helper. He greeted the pastor with the enthusiasm of an old friend; turned to his wife with warm expressions of gladness that this time a family had come not to visit, but to live among them; then meeting me with the low salaam of the Chinese gentleman, he said, “This is

indeed the grace of God which has sent a doctrine-teacher for our women and children." He, the business man, who never thought that carts could be loaded or affairs of importance managed without his assistance, tarried that day for none of those things; but when the ladies were sent forward, to avoid the confusion and discomfort of unloading, rode on his donkey, beside the sedan-chair, the self-constituted escort and protector of the pastor's wife and baby boy, on their first introduction to their new home. Such service he would scarcely have rendered a woman of his own household, but gladly performed for her. The ladies found him always courteous, considerate, ever watchful to save us from anything disagreeable, and on the alert to aid in our work. When I began to go out for village-meetings he insisted on accompanying me, unless I had the escort of another helper. After a time, as I grew familiar with the places, I was convinced that this was not a wise expenditure of time and strength; but to my assurance that I did not need them, Mr. How answered decisively, "We cannot allow our lady teacher to go about alone, as if we held her in no honor." The feeling was so genuine that I could scarcely overcome it. At length I invited him to my room for a serious consultation on the subject, set before him the reason for my unwillingness that each one of my meetings should take a helper from other work, and my real conviction that it was not right. It was my first but by no means last attempt to induce him to yield some conventional idea of Chinese "propriety," to the larger thought of real Christian efficiency. He dropped his head on his hands, sighed deeply, wiped great beads of perspiration from his brow, and rising, said, with a frank nobility of conviction, "You are right; we can do more preaching, and it will be better; but," he added, earnestly, "We cannot allow you to go to a *new* place alone." It was my turn to yield them. I thanked him heartily for his care, and assured him I would never go alone to any place, new or old, without the approval of pastor and helpers. This admission that the masculine verdict was, after all, to be finally decisive, was so absolutely in accordance with "propriety," that it quite restored his confidence in my judgment, and he never again proposed going with me when I did not welcome his protection. Very efficient protection it was. So far as he understood our tastes and needs, the minutest details of our physical comfort were his care, and from year to year he grew in appreciation of the work done by and for women. He could not at first understand the minute care given to the instruction of the aged, the very ignorant, and the little children; and while he did full justice to the patience it required, we sometimes thought he scarcely believed the results

would justify the efforts. As the months went by, and he saw the change in the children, the waking of new thoughts, aims, and purposes among the women, his doubt changed to most enthusiastic appreciation. Thoroughly Chinese in his prejudices and social views, his relation to his own household as husband and father, was far from the intelligent Christian standard. He knew this, and I have heard him say sadly, "It will take more than one generation of Christian living, to enable men and women to trust and honor one another as you do in American families." Yet his wife, his only son, and four daughters loved him with passionate devotion. If to have made himself the center of their thought, to have won from them most untiring, devoted care, and to have left them, by his death, desolate and almost heart-broken, in spite of false standards and many inconsistencies, be proof of genuine family affection, it was certainly found in his home.

The inscriptions upon the scrolls which adorn the rooms of the W. B. M. I. in Chicago and the parlor of the Evanston Church, were selected by him. The central thoughts are, "Grace, as a mantle, adorns this company of women, giving them the strength of heroes, with tenderness and wisdom,—the endowment of the Holy Spirit." As he gave them into my charge, he assured me over and over, "These are no empty complimentary phrases, but a small expression of our real sense of what that organization of women must be which takes into its thought the needs of the world, and has blessed us by sending teachers for our households." The beautiful thing in the helper's life was his unwearied effort to bring every one with whom he came in contact to the knowledge of the truth. Sitting under the shade-trees in the court of the missionary, he would talk for hours with dispensary patients. No intelligent man came for treatment but he was ready to argue, point by point, the superiority of Christianity over Confucianism; while for the more ignorant he had an unfailing fund of illustration and anecdote, to show the absurdities of priestcraft, and the futility of the schemes of the sects for purification. With a really interested listener he would talk far into the night; not rarely the dawn found him still in such converse. Men and women alike came to him with their troubles, and his great, sympathetic heart made him the burden-bearer for the whole circle of Christians. Naturally imperious, and sometimes abrupt in expression, he was yet truly appreciative of many phases of thought unlike his own. A genuine friend, strong in his convictions, and not easily moved, he showed the real power which Christian truth had over him in yielding some of his most cherished opinions, and giving up customs to which he had long clung, as he came more and more into

its light. His confidence in and affection for the pastors, was a beautiful trait in this strong character. Differ as they might, and often did, in judgment, their mutual respect and consideration for each other never failed. If he learned much from them, they, too, rejoiced to acknowledge themselves, in many ways, his debtors also. During the last year, two long-cherished desires of his heart were granted him—a grandson, the first bearing the name of How, was given him, and he saw a suitable building erected for Christian worship. Remembering these things at the eighth-month feast—the Chinese harvest home—he exclaimed, “This has been the happiest year of my life!” More than once he said, looking about at the decaying timbers and dilapidated adobe walls of the hovel in which our services were held, “When I see a good church here I shall be ready to die.” How little we thought of the words as prophetic! Die? No! he would live to preach often in the house of his love! But God willed it otherwise.

When the sorrowful company gathered, the 28th of December, for the last rites of honor and affection, as the long procession of native Christians, every one a mourner, moved slowly around the mission compound toward the ancestral burial-place, there stood the houses, the uprearing of which he had watched with such zealous devotion; then the new dispensary, and still uncompleted hospital, in which he had felt such pride, and the chapel—the crowning work of his life, for he was its prime mover, and no money for it had come from the treasury of the Board—his memorial. But better monument than even this, to the faithful love, the unwearied zeal, the strong influence of that brave heart, were the company who followed him, many of whom could have testified, “He taught me the way of truth; he led me to the Christian faith.” Sustained through suffering and down to death by a strong and undaunted confidence, he has “fought a good fight, he has finished his course;” has left to his household and to the Shan Tung Church a memory which is a blessed possession; and has himself found that which “having not seen he believed,” and of which, by that faith, he became the inheritor, even “the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.”

MARY H. PORTER.

March, 1887.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

Mrs. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS FROM FEBRUARY 18 TO MARCH 18, 1887.

ILLINOIS.

BRANCH.—Mrs. W. A. Talcott, of Rockford, Treas. *Aurora*, New England Ch., 25; *Chebanse*, 2; *Clifton*, 4; *Chicago*, New England Ch. Aux., 43.54; Mrs. E. W. B., 50, Mrs. A. F. Hjortsberg, 50, *Bethany* Ch., 9.15; *Danvers*, 15; *Galesburg*, First Ch. of Christ, 37.50; *Lyonsville*, 24; *Genoa Junction*, Wis., 1.73; *Hamilton*, 3; *Huntley*, 9; *Kenwood*, 53.30; *Lee Centre*, 2.50; *Loda*, 5.70; *Morton*, 15.75; *Milburn*, 14; *Neponset*, 4.20; *New Windsor*, 16; *Onarga*, Second Ch., 5.32; *Ontario*, 15; *Oak Park*, 25; *Princeton*, 37.45; *Providence*, 9.53; *Plymouth*, 10; *Peoria*, 92.04; *Polo*, Emma R. Pearson, 5; *Rockford*, Second Ch. Aux., 102.05, Mrs. W. A. T., 50, Ladies' Bible Class, 5; *Stillman Valley*, 22.95; *Sterling*, 11.05; *Sycamore*, 7.50; *St. Charles*, 10; *Sheffield*, 11.35; *Springfield*, 5; *Thawville*, 7.50; *Winnebago*, 10; *Wilmette*, 17.05; *Wataga*, 3.23; *Wyoming*, 15; *Wheaton*, Aux., 6, Mrs. W. K. Guild, 5, 873 39
LEGACY: *Chicago*, Mrs. Eveline S. Drake, by Wm. E. Rollo, Executor, 2000 00
JUNIOR: *Chicago*, Plymouth, Y. Peo. Soc., 100, Western Ave. Church, Y. L. S., 22; *Geneseo*, Y. L. S., 25; *Hamilton*, Yoke-Fellows Band, 1.70; *Huntley*, The Harvesters, 12.93; *Peoria*, Y. L. S., 9; *Roseville*, Miss O. A. Dilley, 1; *Sterling*, Y. P. S., 15; *St. Charles*, Theodora Soc., 15; *Sandwich*, King's Daughters, 10; *Springfield*, Jennie Chapin Helpers 5; *Turner*, Look-Up Soc., 15; *Wilmette*, Y. L. S., 30, 261 63
JUVENILE: *Brimfield*, Mission Band, 5; *Cambridge*, Miss. Band, 3.60; *Chicago*, Union Park Ch., Jennie, Edna, and Robbie Greenholzh, 30 cts., *Crystal Lake*, Sunday-School, 20; *Kewanee*, Coral Workers, 18.59; *Malden*, Birthday Miss. Band, 3.25; *Peoria*, The Mission Builders, of wh. 25 is to const. L. M. Mrs. Stella F. Brobaker, 37; *Ravenswood*, Coral Workers, 20.43; *Sheffield*, Miss. Band,

1; *Wilmette*, Busy Bees, 13.60; *Wataga*, Busy Gleaners, 15, 137 77
Total, 3,272 79

IOWA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. E. R. Potter, of Grinnell, Treas. *Ames*, 7; *Bell Plain*, 4.50; *Corning*, 3; *Charles City*, 10; *Cherokee*, 12.50; *Des Moines*, Plymouth Ch., 27.57; *Davenport*, 10.70; *Eldon*, 5; *Gilbert*, 10; *Magnolia*, 4.50; *Mt. Pleasant*, 10.50; *Oskaloosa*, 5; *Qudsque-ton*, 3.28, 113 55
JUNIOR: *Marshalltown*, Willing Workers, 15; *McGregor*, Y. P. M. Band, 10, 25 00
JUVENILE: *Davenport*, Sunbeams, 2; *Des Moines*, Plymouth Ch. S. S., 50; *Grinnell*, Busy Bees, West Branch, 2.52, 54 52
THANK-OFFERING: *Davenport*, Sunbeams, 1 05
Total, 194 12

KANSAS.

BRANCH.—Mrs. A. L. Slosson, of Leavenworth, Treas. *Auburn*, 21.15; *Centralia*, 7.50; *Dover*, 5; *Ford*, 60 cts.; *Galva*, 3; *McPherson*, 10; *Partridge*, from Ferry Platt, 50 cts.; *Reno Center*, 2.60; *Sterling*, 10, 60 35
JUVENILE: *Little River*, 1 00
Branch total, 61 35
Contributed through Miss Pinkerton, 34 35
Total, 95 70

MICHIGAN.

BRANCH.—Mrs. Charles E. Fox, of Detroit, Treas. *Adair*, A Friend, 2; *Alamo*, 5; *Ann Arbor*, 62.35; *Alma*, 5; *Allegan*, 15.33; *Allendale*, Mrs. C. Finster, 1; *Augusta*, 10; *Calumet*, 20; *Ceresco*, 1; *Charlotte*, 7; *Columbus*, Aux., 1; A Few Friends, 1; *Detroit*, First Ch., 60.37, Fort Wayne Ch., 5, Thompson Ch., 10; *East Saginaw*, 25; *Essexville*, 3.53; *Flint*, 12.58; *Greenville*, 17.35; *Jackson*, 125; *Hancock*, 25; *Highland Station*, 8.35; *Hudson*, 9; *Kalamazoo*, 30; *Kalkaska*, 60 cts.; *Lansing*, 8; *Manistee*, 12.50; *Mason*, K. L.

Bassett, 1; Owosso, 15.50; Port Huron, 23; Raisinville, 1.50; Reed City, 10.90; Salem, 5.72; Sandstone, 7; Somersel, 13.05; South Haven, 5; Stan- ton, 10.35; Three Oaks, 4; Tyrone, 5; Union City, 21.50; Vermontville, 12; Waconsta, 8; Webster, 11; Wheatland, 16.80,	651 28
JUNIOR: Cooper, Y. L. S., 25; Eaton Rapids, King's Young Daughters, 9; Flint, Y. P. Miss. Asso., 12; Galesburg, Y. L. F. M. S., 12.15; Grand Rapids, First Ch., 5, South Ch., 5; Pequaming, Ten Times One Soc., 15,	83 15
JUVENILE: Detroit, Woodward Ave. Ch., King's Cup-Bearers, 59.21, Trumbull Ave., Shining Lights, 10; Douglas, Light- Bearers, 8; Essexville, M. S. M. B., 1.47; Greenville, M. S. M. B., 13.63; Kalkaska, Rich- ard and Wesley Sidebotham, 5; Port Huron, Five of the Earnest Workers, 1.35; Sand- stone, 16.46; Vernon, Mission Band, 13,	128 12
SUNDAY-SCHOOL: Bay City, 12.50; Cheboygan, 1.76; Kal- kaska, 3.82, Mrs. Elm's Class, 2.38; Grand Rapids, So., 50 cts., Rondo, 1.07,	22 03
Total,	884 58

MINNESOTA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. E. M. Wil- liams, of Northfield, Treas. Excelsior, 4.93; Litchfield, A. B. C., Mass., 5; S. M. H., Minn., 10; Mantorville, 6; Montevideo, 4.80; Morris- town, 3.45; Northfield, 40.25; Owatonna, 14; Sauk Centre, 22.45,	110 88
JUNIOR: Minneapolis, Ply- mouth Ch., Y. L. M. S.,	6 50
Total,	117 38

MISSOURI.

BRANCH.—Mrs. J. H. Drew, 3101 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Treas. St. Louis, Pil- grim Ch., 119, of wh. 25 is to const. Mrs. J. M. Chesbrough L. M.,	119 00
JUNIOR: St. Louis, Young Peo. Soc., First Ch., 25,	25 00
JUVENILE: Kansas City, Cheer- ful Givers, of Clyde Ch., 6,	6 00
Total,	150 00

NEBRASKA.

Hastings.—Lamplighters, 10; York, M. Band, 2.50,	12 50
Total,	12 50

OHIO.

BRANCH.—Mrs. Geo. H. Ely, of Elyria, Treas. Ceredo, W. Va., 3; Cincinnati, Central Ch., 54; Cleveland, Euclid Ave., 30.50; Corry, Pa., 4; Elyria, 65; Toledo, Central Ch., 3,	159 50
JUNIOR: Allegheny City, Pa., Plymouth Ch., Y. P. S., 25; Cincinnati, Central Ch., Y. L. S., 125,	150 00
JUVENILE: Elyria, Little Help- ers, 5; Marietta, First Ch., Children's Mission Circle, 7.50,	12 50
THANK-OFFERING: Austinburg, V. A. Haight, 5,	5 00
S. S. Class, Austinburg,	1.10
Total,	328 10

SOUTH DAKOTA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. F. D. Wilder, of Huron, Treas. Plankinton, Oahe, Dak., Mrs. Louise Irvine Riggs, in memory of Cor- nella Margaret Riggs, March 11, 1887,	6 50
	5 00
Total,	11 50

WISCONSIN.

BRANCH.—Mrs. R. Coburn, of Whitewater, Treas. Arena, 4.86; Beloit, First Ch., 13.50; Brodhead, 7.75; Boscobel, 4.10; Delavan, 15.05; Edgerton, 1; Fort Atkinson, 13; Green Bay, 10; New Lisbon, 7.50; Racine, 25.75; Rosendale, 43.50; Sparta, 9.15; Stoughton, 10,	165 16
JUNIOR: Milwaukee, Plymouth Ch., Helping Hands, 100; New Lisbon, Y. L., 6,	106 00
JUVENILE: Green Bay, Babies' Soc.,	5 00
MORNING-STAR: Arena, Wil- ling Workers,	3 02
	279 18
Less expenses,	15 58
Total,	263 60

FLORIDA.

Tampa.—Mrs. Joseph Hawley and others,	1 11
Total,	1 11

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sale of leaflets, 24.65; of en- velopes, 3.70; of charts, 1.20, of "Orient and its People," 1; of "Coan's Life," 2; of Photo- graphs, 45 cts.,	33 03
Receipts for month,	5,364 41
Previously acknowledged,	10,354 98
Total since October,	\$15,719 39



QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE YOUNG LADIES' BRANCH.

ON a bright, sunny day in February the parlors of the new Third Church, in San Francisco,—so delightful with their fresh and tasteful furnishings,—were opened for a gathering of young ladies, who were full of eager interest in the quarterly meeting of the Branch.

The President, Miss Ladd, presided, and after devotional exercises and the consideration of sundry matters of business, we listened to missionary intelligence from Japan and from Spain. A photograph of Mrs. Gulick, of San Sebastian, lay upon the table, and also that of three fine-looking Spanish maidens, who are members of her graduating class.

It is inspiring to think of the influence these young ladies will exert in the years to come, and to feel that we are linked in a measure with their lives through the relation of the Pacific Board to that school, which quietly and persistently sends out the life-giving rays of divine truth into that city and throughout all Spain.

Our beloved Miss Gunnison spoke to us, through a letter, of her work in Kobe, and we were glad to listen to Miss Hunt, of Utah, who told us of her work, and awakened in us new inspiration for our efforts in behalf of missions in foreign lands. She entreated us to support Miss Gunnison by unceasing, earnest prayer.

Arrangements were made for the approaching annual meeting of the Branch, and, with a glow in all hearts, the meeting adjourned.

THE STRENGTH OF MOHAMMEDANISM IN SYRIA, AND ITS PRACTICAL HOLD ON THE PEOPLE.

BY REV. HENRY H. JESSUP, D.D.

THE Mohammedans of Syria number about one million, not counting the sixty thousand Bedawin Arabs, who are claimed as Mohammedans, but in reality observe none of the "five pillars or foundations of Moslem practices." These five duties are:—

I. The recital of the creed, or *Kalimah*, daily: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Apostle of God."

II. *Sulât*, the five stated daily periods of prayer, viz. :—

1. From dawn to sunrise.
2. Noon.
3. *A'sur*, or middle of the afternoon.
4. Sunset.
5. One and a half hours after sunset.

III. The thirty days' fast of *Ramadhan*.

IV. *Zakat*; the legal arms.

V. *Hajj*; the pilgrimage to Mecca.

The Bedawîn, though politically regarded as Mohammedans, observe none of the religious duties, and hence are classed among the non-religious peoples. There is a Syrian proverb that "three classes of persons have no religion, as they do not observe the duties of the law; viz., women, muleteers, and Bedawîn Arabs.

In Syria the Mohammedans are the ruling class, and hence despise those of other sects. All the Syrians of all sects are Arabs in blood and language, and are ruled by a foreign dynasty, the Ottoman Turks, whose Sultan, Abdul Hamid, resides in Constantinople. The only bond of union between the Arabs and the Turks is the Koran and the religion of Islam. The Arab Moslems submit to be ruled by the Turks on the ground that the Sultan is their *Khalif*, or religious prince, although in other respects they hate the Turks as foreigners. It is astonishing to observe with what ease a handful of Ottoman Turkish officers rule all Syria, collect the taxes, and enforce the enrollment of soldiers.

If it be asked whether Mohammedanism is stronger or weaker in Syria than it was forty years ago, I should say, both; it is stronger in some points, and weaker in others. It is stronger through the efforts of the government to revive the old war spirit of Islam. The army is a Moslem army, not a national army made up of all classes, but a class army, the army of the prevailing sect. It is as though England should exclude all Catholics from her army and navy, and France exclude all Protestants. The whole male Moslem population are reckoned as soldiers, ready to fight for the Sultan and the faith. All the modern military inventions and appliances introduced into the army and navy, are meant to help the religion of Islam. The military and civil service schools are almost exclusively for Mohammedan youth, and the evident intent of the authorities is to favor one sect to the disadvantage of all others. And in the civil courts the testimony of Christians and Jews is not received; only Mohammedans can testify, and this in spite of various firmans declaring that Christian testimony shall be received.

All these things tend to strengthen the hold of Islam upon the

Mohammedan population. It is for their interest to remain Moslems.

On the other hand, they feel their inferiority as a nation to Christian nations, and find their religion an insuperable barrier in the way of progress. Many of them are disgusted with polygamy and its attendant evils, while they find it commended in the Koran.

The Scriptures in Arabic have opened the eyes of not a few, who read God's Word in secret, and await the day of deliverance.

The Moslems believe in one God. Their Monotheism is the saving feature in the whole system, but it is so interlinked and interwoven with the immoralities of polygamy, that the elevating power of the doctrine is well nigh lost in the degrading power of the practice.

Multitudes feel that their system has grown old, and is ready to perish. They despair of reforming it, and believe that their children will live to see the triumph of Christianity.

Let us work patiently on. Light is dawning gradually in the East. When the sun begins to rise it never moves backward. Pray that it may shine more in Syria even unto the perfect day.
—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

OUR MARCH MEETING.

ABOUT twenty-three ladies assembled in the parlors of the Plymouth Church, San Francisco, on the first Wednesday in March, although it was raining and unpleasant. Miss Fay was present, and led the devotional exercises; these were commenced by singing "Whosoever Will," selections of Scripture, prayer; then we sang "Tenderly the Shepherd"; then followed reports from the Secretary and Treasurer.

We have \$421 in the treasury. One Society that has been asked for \$20 are to send upward of \$40. Some of us have been watching this young auxiliary; think it is not yet two years old! I wish some of its members would write its history. Before the *débris* of last year's battle with dollars had been fairly cleared away, that auxiliary was in the field again, sending to the base of supplies for implements to carry on the war, and fighting as bravely as if they had never been there before. They were not battling with "carnal weapons"; they only used "the sword of the Spirit."

Mrs. Jewett read a letter from San Sebastian, giving a description of the work there. This letter was written by the editor of a

Spanish paper,—one who happened to be present at the closing exercises. It shows how the work of the missionary is regarded by outsiders—people who have no personal interest in the matter, only as it affects the general welfare of the community. He spoke in the highest terms of the missionaries, and the kind of instruction which the girls receive. Mrs. Jewett then introduced Mrs. Theron Howard, of St. Johnsbury, who gave us kindly words of greeting from the Vermont Branch. A letter of greeting was also read by Miss Fay, from the Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific Islands.

Mrs. Brewer, of the First Church, Oakland, was invited to give us any items of interest she might have from Mr. and Mrs. Logan. I hope our Sunday-schools and some of our young societies will prick up their ears, and hear all she has to say about their missionaries. Mrs. Brewer is a personal friend of Mrs. Logan, and sometimes she has letters from her which the rest of us do not see. Mrs. Logan says: "The work constantly presses. The promise of strength for the day has been so often verified, yet I do not like to see Mr. Logan reach the limit of his strength so many times. The people are asking for teachers; there are none to give them." She hoped the *Star* would bring them helpers; but, alas! she did not.

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I remember, in one of Mrs. Logan's first letters from Ruk, a sentence that made my heart ache for her. I may not give the thought in her own words: "You who live in Christian lands hardly understand the blessing of going to church with a congregation who are clothed." Clothing is coming into use as fast as missionary influence is extended. At Kusaie and at the Marshall Islands people are generally clothed.

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Miss Gulick of Japan was with us, and read interesting extracts of letters from Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Gulick, who have recently gone to Kumamoto, on the island of Kiushu. Mr. Gulick says how young men and women can resist such calls as they have now to the missionary work, is the greatest mystery of the nineteenth century.

Miss Fay read extracts of letters from Mr. Perkins, of India, and extended, on behalf of the ladies of Plymouth Avenue Church, Oakland, a cordial invitation to the Board to hold its April meeting with them. The meeting closed with the Lord's Prayer, repeated in concert, and the singing of the Doxology.—*R. E. D.*, in "*The Pacific*."

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FOR WOMAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

WOMAN'S BOARDS OF MISSIONS,

CO-OPERATING WITH THE

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

TERMS:

Sixty Cents a Year in Advance.

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ARTICLE I.—This Society shall be called "THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY," auxiliary to the ——— Branch of WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

ART. II.—The officers of this Society shall be a Directress, Secretary, and Treasurer, chosen annually.

ART. III.—The object of this Society shall be the collection of money for foreign missionary purposes, and the cultivation of a missionary spirit among its members.

ART. IV.—All money raised by this Society shall be sent to the Treasurer of the ——— Branch of WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS, for the purposes of their organization.

ART. V.—Any person may become a member of this Society by the payment of ——— annually.

FORMS OF BEQUEST.

In making devises and legacies, the entire corporate name of the particular Board which the testator has in mind, should be used as follows:—

For the WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS, incorporated in Massachusetts, in 1869:

I give and bequeath to the WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS, the sum of ———, to be applied to the Mission purposes set forth in its Act of Incorporation, passed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, in the year 1869.

For the WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE INTERIOR, incorporated in Illinois, in 1873:

I give and bequeath to the WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS OF THE INTERIOR, the sum of ———, to be applied to the Mission purposes set forth in the Act of Incorporation, passed by the Legislature of Illinois, in 1873.